C 97-59

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO • FACULTY OF MUSIC • WALTER HALL • NOVEMBER 13, 1997 • 12:10PM

Thursday Noon Series

Music & Poetry

presents

Cantata

by *Igor Stravinsky*

Mary Bella, *soprano*

Michael Colvin, *tenor*

Faculty of Music Instrumental Ensemble

University of Toronto Women's Chorus

John Hawkins, *conductor*

Prof. Eric Domville, *commentator*

Programme

"Aspects of Love"--Prof. Domville will discuss the *Cantata* texts and Stravinsky's settings.

Cantata (1952) — *Igor Stravinsky* (1882 - 1971)

for soprano, tenor, female chorus
and a small instrumental ensemble.
Words anonymous, 15th-16th century lyrics.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE, VERSUS I, Prelude

RICERCAR I, The maidens came... (soprano)

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE, VERSUS II, 1st Interlude

RICERCAR II, (Sacred History), To-morrow shall be... (tenor)

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE, VERSUS III, 2nd Interlude

WESTRON WIND (soprano & tenor)

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE, VERSUS IV, Postlude

Mary Bella, *soprano*
Michael Colvin, *tenor*
University of Toronto Women's Chorus
Doug Stewart, Stephen Tam, *flutes*
Clare Scholtz, *oboe*
Sarah Jeffrey, *oboe and English horn*
Simon Fryer, *violoncello*
John Hawkins, *conductor*

Members of the University of Toronto Women's Chorus
James Pinhorn, *director*

Irina Angelov
Katrina Asner
Andrea Boffa
Lindsay Cadieux
Arlene Chung
Julie Dawson
Jana Foley
Kristen Gilbert
Holly Hines
Erica Huang
Merry-Anne Hutton
Heidi Kim
Grace Kim
Mireille Lebel
Tamara Loder
Kimberly Madill
Sara Marlowe
Alyssa Michalsky
Natalka Podstawka
Corrinne Prevost
Olivia Rallis
Glynis Ratcliffe
Peggy Sheehan
Crystal Wong
Eliza Wong
Rachel Yoon

The next Music and Poetry lecture/concert will take place on Thursday, Feb. 5, 1998 at 12:10pm in Walter Hall. Tenor Michael Colvin and pianist John Hawkins will perform Britten's *Hölderlin Fragmente* and will present the world première of Hawkins' *Sonette an Orpheus (Rilke).* Prof. Eric Domville will provide commentary.

CANTATA (1952)-STRAVINSKY

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE
VERSUS I
Prelude

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away are past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thye saule.

RICERCAR I
(Soprano)

The maidens came
When I was in my mother's bower.
I had all that I wolde.

The baily berith the bell away,
the lilly,the rose, the rose I lay,
The silver is whit, red is the golde,
The robes thay lay in fold;
The baily berith the bell away,
The lilly, the rose, the rose I lay;
And through the glasse window
Shines the sone.
How should I love and I so young?
The baily berith the bell away,
The lilly, the rose, the rose I lay.

For to report it were now tedius:
We will therfor now sing no more
Of the games joyus.

Right mighty and famus
  Elizabeth, our quen princis,
  Prepotent and eke victorius,
  Vertuos and benign,
  Lett us pray all
  To Christ Eternal
  Which is the hevenly King.
  After ther liff grant them
  A place eternally to sing. Amen.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE
VERSUS II
First Interlude

If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

RICERCAR II
(Tenor)

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day,
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance.
Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a Virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance;
Thus was I knit to man's nature
To call my true love to my dance.
Sing, oh! etc.

In a manger laid and wrapp'd I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance.

Then afterwards baptized I was,
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My Father's voice heard from above,
To call my true love to my dance.

Into the desert I was led,
Where I fasted without substance;
The devil bade me make stones my bread,
To have me break my true love's dance.

The Jews on me they made great suit,
And with me made great variance,
Because they lov'd darkness rather than light,
To call my true love to my dance.

For thirty pence Judas me sold,
His covetousness for to advance;
Mark whom I kiss, the same do hold,
The same is he shall lead the dance.

Before Pilate the Jews me brought,
Where Barabbas had deliverance,
They scourg'd me and set me at nought,
Judged me to die to lead the dance.

Then on the cross hanged I was,
Where a spear to my heart did glance;
There issued forth both water and blood
To call my true love to my dance.

Then down to Hell I took my way
For my true love's deliverance,
And rose again on the third day
Up to my true love and the dance.

Then up to heaven I did ascend,
Where now I dwell in sure substance,
On the right hand of God, that man
May come unto the general dance.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE
VERSUS III
Second Interlude

From Whinnymuir when thou mayst pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brigg o'Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Brigg o'Dread when thou mayst pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thye saule.

WESTRON WIND
(Soprano and Tenor)

Westron wind, when will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain?
Crist, if my love were in my armis,
And I in my bed again.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE
VERSUS IV
Postlude

If ever thou gav'st meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If meat or drink thou never gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.